

SS IDEOLOGY

Translated From
Original SS Publications



INTRODUCTION

SS IDEOLOGY! The title conjures up images of racial theories...genetic experiments...blonde beasts of war sweeping across Europe...and, of course, breeding the Aryan master race with beautiful blonde Fraeuleins.

But what did the SS REALLY think and feel???

You won't find out from a Hollywood film producer or a New York publisher!

Here is the real McCoy. The articles in this book were translated direct from ORIGINAL SS publications...published BY the SS, and FOR SS men.

Fascinating! These articles are intelligent, but not "intellectual". They possess an amazing spiritual depth. Yes, even a religiosity.

Do you want to know what the SS REALLY thought and felt?

SS IDEOLOGY gives you a glimpse into the mind and soul of the SS!

Karl Hammer
June 1988

Cover: Comradeship - Arno Breker, 1940
Left: Cover of SS LEITHEFT magazine

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THE LAST WILL OF AN SS-MAN

SS Corporal Leo R. in civilian life, an assistant teacher in a large Silesian city, died in a military hospital as a result of wounds suffered on the Eastern Front. He left behind a kind of "last testament", a letter to his family, which he had written on the day he joined the Waffen SS. This letter shows a deep insight into the view of life of an exemplary National Socialist, educator, and soldier. It belongs to the eternal testaments of faith of our time, which will have an exemplary effect on future generations and show and explain to them the deeds of their fathers.

"If I should remain on the field of battle or return in a condition where I am incapable of reason, then may this last testament serve as a summary for my family and clan.

"I do not want conflict to arise because of material things. Later there will be a Germanic right, in which the heart also does the right thing. That is already a guideline. I want, regarding all world view or ideological questions, for things to go as my wife and I agreed. I especially wish no interference in the ideological education of the children. We all stand in the great hand of faith that we have and will continue to try to form. The life of our people is holy to us. We want to follow the wonderful rule, to be one people, that is the religion of our time.

"I want my relatives to have some token to remember me by. In our clan, the heart is so strong, so that a just measure will naturally be found.

"I wish from my entire heart for my wife to remarry, if she believes she has found a new life comrade. Knowing her, I know that the children will also find a good fate.

"I request of the friends of our clan, be godparents of the children and the friends of the family...that they fulfill the law of true friendship, which makes one happy and giving.

"I wish that my children recognize their mother as their most precious treasure, who gave them life. Aside from that, the folk should be law and guideline. They should always be simple, loyal, and true.

"I thank my wife. Words are too small. She may know that my heart is moved when I think of the wonderful depth she has given to my life. I also hope that fate will allow her to have that which has been denied to me. May concern and pain quickly go away. May she

think of me with a joyous pride. She gave more.

"Dear wife! Ponder our time together and go with full strength into the future. If there is a holy salvation, then it is provided with my heart's blood.

"Hold the ancestors in reverence. Be true to the folk. May our people find a happy future.

"I also thank my parents, who often had to suffer because of me. May they know all this happened while I was struggling to clarify the deeper aspects of my existence. My love will always belong to them.

"May you all feel how I give you my hand, so that your strength will grow and you will be happy. Believe me, my heart's desire is always to see you happy, so be it.

"On the eve of the journey on which I'm allowed to join the long columns of those for whom only the deed counts."

Leo R.

* * * * *

THE JOURNEY

One stands alone in the night,
burdened with heavy duty,
he thinks back on the watch,
of the dead comrades.

He feels, that one walks to him,
soldier from other days,
who already suffered the most bitter
fate,
and quietly he hears him say:

Comrade!

And only this one word.
They are silent and they look.
The second goes, a shadow, away,
only at the early morning dawn.

- Herybert Menzel

REGARDING THE BEHAVIOR OF THE SOLDIER TOWARDS FOREIGN WOMEN

You are an SS Man. That means you are not a mercenary who is recruited to fight for something simply for a salary, even if it's of no other concern to you. As an SS Man, you represent your own people, your own blood. Aside from that, you also represent the SS, a community, an order within your people, whose special tasks are the keeping pure of the blood, the elevation of the worth of the race. When you stand in a foreign land, with a weapon in your hand, you thus have a double duty: you must represent your people and you must be worthy of the SS.

However, you behave unworthy when you - wearing the uniform of the Fuehrer with the badges of the Waffen SS - run around in taverns and restaurants with those girls and women who do not share the pain and concern of their own people, who do not notice the pain of their people, simply because they lack any feeling. These are not the decent women and girls of these foreign people. That's something you can take for granted. For those girls whose brothers, and those women whose husbands, have been defeated by you and your comrades would certainly not want to throw their arms around you. You also know what type of harm can befall you from such careless association.

How can you claim the right of unavoidable hardness, if you let yourself go? How can you maintain a clear view and a proper bearing, if you lose your self-respect? Many of you had opportunity in this war to assume more responsibility than you would have ever been able to have in peace time. You must all prove yourselves worthy of this responsibility. We know that you are brave in war. But you also have to learn to be calm, disciplined, and moderate, even when you are not standing in formation. That is what we hope for the sake of our people's future.

What should you do after you have read these lines? I'll tell you. You have to have clear eyes and an honest heart. You know what I mean. You know how I mean this. Perhaps you also know that one or another of your comrades has not behaved like he should have. Until now, you just looked away and figured it didn't concern you. Believe me, it does concern you. It concerns all of us. First try the way of true comradeship: take your friend to the side and speak with him.

clearly and reasonably. Tell him what it means. Tell him of the fatal hour our people find themselves in. Impress upon him, that the Fuehrer cannot relinquish a single man.

Always remember that the months and years you wear the uniform with the SS Runes will remain unforgettable for the rest of your life. For a German, these are the most decisive years in life. Not only because the young SS volunteer matures into a man, or because his chest becomes broader, or his step more certain, or his sight more keen. His spirit is also formed. And he learns in the SS community something that will always remain with him: order, discipline, conscientiousness, punctuality, sacrifice and a sense of duty towards the community. Do not spoil this memory by not doing your duties the way your people expect from you. If you disregard this, you hurt yourself more than anyone else.

There was once a time which pronounced "the right of one's own body." That was the period that gave its blessing if a black man married a white woman or if a German married a Jew - the time that also protected those who killed the unborn child in its mother's body if its arrival would inconvenience the parents. The champions of that time, whom we have already overcome through the struggle of the Fuehrer in Germany, now stubbornly stand on all fronts against us.

If you believe that you can do what you want with your own body and your own blood, whatever your desires wish, then you help the enemies of our people and of our world view. You're only the master of yourself in reality when you can bring up enough strength and pride to live within the laws under which your people, your SS, and you yourself are assembled.

Whoever spoils his blood,
Ruins his people.

* * * * *

The most private things of the individual are the most public things of the community. For the most important thing is decided in them: the physical existence and future of our people.

- Wilhelm Pleyer

OF CHILD

Is there a deeper joy than the joy of having a child? Do you know one? I do not! It is a joy to the eye. A joy to the ear. A joy for your caressing hands. It is a kind beat to your heart. Yes, it moves your entire existence so that you have no word for it. Certainly, there is no deeper concern.

The worries are many.

The child who is born to you, and who develops and grows as his inner spirit wills it, is part of you. But it still goes its own way. You feel responsible and still can do nothing. Neither to help it nor to hurt it. You continue yourself in the child, but it still acts according to its own will. What concern could be greater?

And it never stops. You are concerned until it is born. You are concerned whether it lives. You are concerned about its nature, and if it will be a good one. You are concerned about its health. You are concerned about its mistakes. You are concerned about its accomplishments. You are concerned about its choices. You are more concerned about its life than your own. You are even concerned about its worries. So deep, so endless, so all-embracing is your concern for your child.

But you yourself also become much deeper through your child. Your devotion and concern for the child is your secret life value. This value is your nameless joy. This joy is your nameless pleasure. And if your concerns are lifted in that they prove not necessary, when they are stilled because that which is anxiously desired comes to pass: if it lives, a thousand little sprouts spring out just like on a spring tree, its good nature is just like the dawn of a good day. Your nameless pleasure finds its crowning with a joy you can feel in your very body. Your joy rises in the clear light of your consciousness of the value of your child. And this passes into the glorious realm of pride - what joy can be deeper than that?

You hear other things about a child. You hear that it is a burden. You hear that it is a responsibility. You also hear things that are more healthy and upright. You hear that it is a question of convictions. And, what is certainly the most incontestable of what you hear - it is a duty towards the folk, it is an act of responsibility, and an acknowledgement of trust.

But I tell you, it is wise for you to have a child for no other reason than for love. And that you love your child for no other

reason than joy.



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"Work honors the woman as it honors the man. The child, however, ennobles the mother."

- Adolf Hitler

GOD ONLY LIVES IN PROUD HEARTS

A writer of our time, whose work has been highly praised by the nation, wrote as his belief the pitiless words: "Only men who need God pursue God. Whoever does not need Him, does not pursue Him. Even those who consider God, need him." Only people who need God pursue God...is that so? Is God, however one views him, the God of the burdened and those filled with darkness in life, a deception? Something we cleverly made up in order to cope with the world, which we are not satisfied with in its true form as it really is? Is praying always a request, an act of comfort or of our powerlessness? Many pray in order to request, and many pray to give themselves comfort - but the God of comfort is not our God.

When we acknowledge the principle: "God only lives in proud hearts," then we mean a different God than the one who is comforting, or at least a different way of relating to him. Because we believe that God and courage and strength really belong together and that those men also pursue God who do not need him, leastwise not out of fear.

It is possible that a young man, after helping a band of comrades heroically resist enemy forces and suffering bitter hours hanging between life and death on a thread, that such a man, after the danger had passed, would express his feelings in a cry, indeed that he would curse! However, it is more likely that he would pray, and indeed, in a very ardent and passionate manner. We are moved not so much by whether and what the person who has been so moved says - we are moved that a man in the most serious moments of life still looks in awe upon something greater, upon an incomprehensible whole, and confirms an all-powerful faith. The man rises above such visible, comprehensible, useful things. He lifts himself above all individual things and achieves a consciousness of the world, of the mysterious knowledge of the incomprehensible experience into which we are born, and from which we are torn from death at the appointed hour without being asked. The force and greatness of a man, however, is that he has been born through no will of his own, and still does not live in arbitrary existence. Even in his early years he is increasingly courageous as he looks upon this existence as a seeker, asking what 30, 60, or 90 years of his life actually mean. And it is this: loyalty, love, comradeship and courage.

It is the mercy and the curse of humanity that to this day, no one

has found an easy answer to the question or to such thoughts. And that no one may find them. God is no "X" who can be calculated with exact certainty from any type of calculations. He is not a simple fact for us mere humans, but rather a question. And to be able to again and again ask this question, to be aware of the certainty of our existence, of the conditions of our existence, without being broken down by these thoughts, and without being exhausted by them...that appears to us to be the most beautiful and fertile courage of the spirit, which we can think of.

It does not mean a lot just to live. All that is born goes through a short span until death, and fights for food and shelter and drink. Such a step out beyond this circle of life, to affirm it freely or to deny it, that is the pride and ability of our humanity. We become true men through this nobility and through this pride. There is no point at which thought comes to an end. Everyone who has the daring to have such a healthy and joyous feeling for the world and for God in his heart is indeed wonderfully austere and alert. How should he become bourgeois, small or low? There is a level of things to which he must again and again rise up and fight his way up to: it's not him, but the ALL of creation as wide and as deep as it appears to men.

We require such an exultation and frankly admit that we need it, namely the elevation from the all-too-tenacious and the all-too-timid. We want to be uncomfortable and unsatisfied, as if we would eventually discover the clouds and the seas, discover the secret of life with its hundred-thousands and millions of manifestations. We ask the stars, who put them in their wonderful play of rising and falling. And we ask the water, into whose distances and deepness it wants to flow. We are strong-hearted enough that we do not flee from the eternal "where from" and "where to", and we do not accept even the most exact account of nature as a completely exhausted explanation of its reasons.

Our awe over the depth of the world should not be taken away by fact, not even by the struggle for naked existence. We do not want to become either meditative natures nor divided men, rather we want to take up life with a free mind, the daily and often so bitter, as well as that which sheds light and gives meaning. The God to whom we give our trust is in accordance with our hearts. He is our own heart and knows our's when it is open and affirmative to the world.

God lives in us, because we continually explore the spirit of the

forces in His world and strive to make them our own. Does it not require a wonderful pride and an honorable courage to undertake such a conquest of the world and of God? Does it not also require a noble steadfastness and consciousness to assert ourselves as men before the mighty God?

We praise God and his worldly creation more believingly the more proud and confident we appear in it. The laughing eye, the agile step, the spirit that is truly able to take joy and to lift itself, genuine youthfulness, genuine manliness, steadfastness, love, comradeship, those are the standard bearers of God. And here again we join with the spirit of the author, whom we mentioned at the beginning and who ended the affirmation of his poetic belief with these words, which represent a duty for all of us: "God is carried into the world by man."

* * * * *

The Almighty will be the just Judge.
Our task, however, is to do our duty,
so that we can stand before him
as the Creator of all worlds
according to the law he gave,
the law of struggle for existence.

— Adolf Hitler

LIFETREE AND WORLD TREE TRANSFORMATION OF AN ARYAN SYMBOL

There are still areas in Germany where one still sees tombstones from the 17th century, upon which the death of the person is portrayed in a very particular, but illuminating manner.

One sees, for example, in relief upon the tombstone a bunch of flowers, a bush growing with thick and beautiful roses. Death in the form of a skeleton sits next to it and with a sarcastic expression breaks off the prettiest flower. No one can fail to understand the meaning of this picture: just as the bloom is scornfully broken, and is removed from the life stream that governs both it and the bush, in just such a manner did this person also die, for whom this gravestone stands.

Sometimes it's a tender melancholy, a fine and almost reconciliatory disposition, which is represented in this picture. On other gravestones, it's a wild, almost repulsive shakeup. One sees death always portrayed as an ugly skeleton, chopping down a tree. A deep chunk has already been cut out of the tree. The destructive result is clear.

Other pictures show the tree already fallen. Then lightning crashes down out of the clouds. In each case, one hears the clear message: "Just as the tree fell, so will you fall, child born of flesh!" There is no doubt that the tree is here meant to represent the lifetree of the deceased, and that the life of this symbol is representative of the person's life, and that its destruction means the death of the person to whom it belongs.

Human and tree are shown here in deep interrelationship, with a deep inner bond. The tree is no picture of a reality, no portrayal of nature or cultural work for aesthetic consideration. It has a meaning, which perhaps more or less consciously understood in the mind of the 17th century woodcutter — actually goes back to the primeval depths of our beliefs. The wide distribution of this idea of this "lifetree" can only be guessed at here. The mythology goes back to the earliest beginnings of Indo-Aryan traditions, back to the world ashtree of the Yggdrasil. The tree lives on in the sagas of the housetree, guardian tree, and of the tree that is planted for the newborn. One suspects it even in the fairytales, such as the pleasant one about the Juniper or of the apples of life. It is found

In songs and customs from the May tree to the Christmas tree, which is nailed on the house roof and kept over the year. In each case, the life of a person in a family is mysteriously bound to the flourishing of such a tree. It is, therefore, really a "lifetree."

It could appear that the sad, woeiful 17th century, which so often and so painfully experienced the reckless acts of death, could perhaps be the point of origin for the tales of such fallen trees. But that is not so. The concept of death cutting down the tree of life goes back much earlier. A woodcutting in the songs of Sebastian Brant, produced shortly after 1500, already showed such a picture. Interestingly enough is the fact that this tree does not represent a single man, but many people who sit in the tree and who fall down from it into a ditch before the tree, which has already been hacked, falls.

The final picture of Nikolaus Manuel's death dance is even more clear. Many people sit in the besieged tree. They are shot down by death with arrows. Here, as already mentioned, the tree does not represent the life tree of a single person, but of an entire clan. This is even more clear in a print of the master from the scrolls from around 1470. Here the tree of life is indeed a worldtree, in it sit people carefully placed in a three level order, itself a representation of a well-ordered world.

At the top we see the priesthood, then beneath that the worldly masters, emperors and kings, lords and counts. Beneath them are the citizens and peasants. In the late middle ages, we see the age old division of the human world into three classes known to us from the poems and philosophies of the Indo-Germanic people. The tree, however, is not being cut down. It is being chewed on by two animals, day and night, and stands in a ship riding over waves, a symbol of always flowing time. Death raises his bow and shoots men down from the tree with arrows.

This tree is much more than the tree of life, and it is also much more than a "class tree", as it has been inaccurately called. It is in truth a worldtree, which perceives all people in a clear order. Not far from this is the thought of the Nordic World Ashtree in whose branches gods and men live, and of other Indo-Germanic world trees. They provided not only living quarters, but also dispense fortune and blessing. Today, of course, we can only vaguely sense the splendid mythos, which goes back to the primeval depths of our race, way back into the distant past. Its transformations can be

clearly followed on the few relics, which we have here.

In the late middle ages, there was still a trace of the Nordic greatness living on, one still sensed the mythical world view in the portrayal of the holy tree. Simpler, more external, more crude...but still full of meaning are the later portrayals in Sebastian Brant's book and in the Berner Dance of Death. Then the meaning changes greatly. The vitality recedes. The individual, who is only seldom seen in the lifetree portrayals of the middle ages, comes into the foreground. And along with this individualism come simpler, easier to understand pictures: they lose their original meaning and mythical greatness; they become emotional or even sentimental; they awaken compassion, sadness, and pity.

Finally, the meaning recedes altogether. The viewer values such portrayals simply as allegories, whose beauty and aesthetic effect he admires. With that the transformation of this old symbol of a worldtree and lifetree come to an end. All that remains for us is to feel our way back into the distant past using existing artifacts, and to feel their greatness.

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"We as individuals are nothing other than the leaves on a tree. Today they are green. One leaf is larger and another is smaller. Then one withers, and then another. But that doesn't matter if only the tree remains healthy!"

- Adolf Hitler

COURAGE FOR THE JOY OF LIFE

Whoever walks through the devastated streets of the bombed-out cities, whoever looks and shudders at the ruins of castles and churches, in which the life feeling of great periods is reflected, whoever looks into the abyss of the hearts whom death has ripped open...he may consider it presumptuous to speak about the joy of life as one of the invincible forces of the human soul. Perhaps the soldier has the greatest right to do exactly that: Not only for the sake of comfort, but from the living feeling of the reality from which the joy of life stands in contrast to the incalculable and the darkness, yes, which alone make them bearable. In the weeks of the new year, one could hear the sounds and hustle and bustle of carnival celebrations throughout our beautiful cities. Streets which once were alive with joyous throngs are now covered with the ashes of destroyed houses. Instead of decorations, one sees ruins strutting up over our heads. Men who once drank from the cup of life now lie under the earth or struggle with their gray and now serious faces in the loneliness of the battle for the existence of European culture. Women have fled far away to the farmyards and villages. Where does there remain a light, a thought, which can lead us back to the joy of life?

Perhaps we should discuss what the joy of life really is. Whoever seeks them only in external expression will hardly find them in war. Whoever cares only for the somewhat raw materialistic pleasures will be disappointed with the sparse remains...and claim that there is hardly anything worth living for anymore, or to praise this life for or to love. The deeper joy of life, however, is not dependent upon time and fate, not upon needs and bitterness. It is one of those quiet wonders, which God gives to those who are aware of his existence. It cannot be thrown upon us from outside. It lives within our essence and our being. It lives within us. The man who has it is rich even if he goes about in rags and lives in earth caves. Whoever lives in a palace and has all the expensive trappings in life is nonetheless the poorest guest upon this earth, if he does not have this genuine joy in life.

It begins with a simple consciousness of existence. There are men, who after a good night's sleep, look at the new day and complain because they stand before work and tasks. Others arise after a few hours of restless sleep with a hardly understandable feeling of

contentment, glad about the reality of their life, and perhaps simply because it gives them breath, sight, feeling, hearing and thinking. The war has shown us in an amazing manner that our pleasure in the simple things in life can be much deeper and more meaningful than the once so highly praised "pleasures". And this demonstrates genuine modesty and the capacity for strong feeling. Who could have explained to a soldier that nothing more than a clean bed, a thinly covered table, yes a short nap, a glass of wine, a pretty picture or an attractive girl walking by could fill him with such joy? And when we were home, somewhat bored and standing in front of a full rack of books, looking for a single book for a quiet hour...who could have told us that we would one day be able to forget the world and ourselves, the war, filth, suffering and even death...because a pleasant coincidence in an abandoned house in the east provided us with a badly torn up copy of an Eichendorff book? Who could have made us believe that one day, in a dark bunker, in moist cold and plagued by bugs, we could listen to the melody of Mozart's "Magic Flute" by a faint light, and that we would fall into a dream of eternal beauty of the world and forget all of the terrors around us?

In such moments, the joy of life lights up around us like lightning...or like the soft light of a summer sunset. Whereas we once went through the well-lit streets of the city looking for pleasure, we now nearly lose our breath while looking at the radiant beauty of the starlit night, which strangely reflects against the moon, and this gives us an inner feeling of belonging to the universe. No one can be a more passionate disciple for the joy of life than the simple soldier, who is driven through the eternal fire of combat, who has walked through the wall of death and of horror and who is suddenly speechless as he stands before the still of an evening and sees the crops gently caressed by a soft wind. In such moments, he feels in the pounding of his own heart the glorious and wonderful life he has been given. A joy then flows through him, which cannot be compared with any other pleasure of this earth. And so we appear to be rather modest, but only apparently, because such modesty at the same time is the highest claim we can demand from life.

At this hour, when the fate of the war most heavily tests our hearts, both at home and on the front, it appears to be a hopeless effort to speak about the joy of life. But courage belongs to joy

no less than it does to struggle and death. To overcome death means to gain joy. Without that, our souls would have long collapsed under the great burden of their hardships. Without that, the women at home would have long been driven into the darkest, inescapable depression. This joy for life stands as a shining "nevertheless" above our hard-pressed people, against which bombs and phosphor are useless. A piece of childhood lives in it. Complacent bragging and blind ambition are strange to it. The love for nature and for people, for animals and for flowers, for music and for verse, for pictures and for art in stone and metal are all a part of it. It teaches us that whenever we loose something, we should look upon that which remains. It teaches us to recognize the meaning in every test.

Who would deny the joy that husband and wife find during their vacation days together. Who is able to claim that - during the bountiful days of peace with its everyday pleasures - he was able to so deeply feel the love of his wife, the joy of having children and a piece of security? And even if fate takes from us that which is most dear, the willingness to help again leads us back into the arms of life.

KING OLAF'S STRANGE ENCOUNTER

One day King Olaf Tryggvisschn and his men sailed south along the coast of Norway in the ship "Long Dragon". When they came to the fjord of Nidaros, the men had to take to the oars, because the wind was too weak to fill the sails. But the king wasn't in a hurry. He was in a good mood and did all kinds of tricks for his men. He fought a mock duel with his banner-carrier, Ulf the Red. First, they fought in the usual manner with the sword in the right hand. Then with the sword in the left hand. And finally with swords in each hand. Each time, the king advanced all the way to the backboard. Those were notable games. After that, King Olaf climbed up on the ship's railing, and walked along it while juggling three unsheathed daggers. Nobody ever saw the king miss or a dagger fall into the sea. The men rowed with more enthusiasm and laughed.

King Olaf sat among his men on the aft deck and talked about this and that. There sat Kolbjorn the Marshal and Thorstein Ochsenfuss, An Schaetze from Jaentland and Bersi the Strong, Einar and Finn from Hardanger, Ketil the Tall and his brothers: men from all of Norway, from Iceland and from the islands in the west, a selected team, handsome fellows full of strength and daring. One saw that. None were over sixty years old, except Bishop Sigurd, and none under twenty, except Einar Bogenschuetter, who was just eighteen, but the best shot in the whole land.

"Now I hold all of Norway in my hand," said the King, and he reached with his right hand into the sky, as if grabbing something the others could not see. "Because you have received it from God's hand," commented Bishop Sigurd in seriousness.

"Yes," agreed the king, "from God's hand and not from your's, Bishop. I force all to bow to Christ, peoples of all provinces: Stravanger and Hardanger, Vik and Sogne, Moore and Ramsdalen, the provinces on the sea and in the mountains, and now Helgeland and Upland, too. Those were the hardest to crack."

"But you also have the sharpest teeth for it," interjected Sklade Hallfred, the Iclander. "Many have felt them."

"That may be true," Olaf replied, "but now Norway is one Reich, and (church) bells ring out over the entire Reich."

"I admit that", Hallfred agreed. He laughed slightly and added,

"Also that it's hard for me to get accustomed to those bells. And many others feel the same way, even if they don't say so."

"You have sensitive ears, being a Skalde," retorted King Olaf.

But Halfred pointed to his heart and said: "In here, King Olaf, sits one who doesn't want to hear it. Christ took all too much time before coming to us. All of us learned differently from our mothers."

King Olaf looked at him a long time. Then he said: "Where the bells ring...is the Reich and the King's dominion."

"Which you received from God," interjected the Bishop again. "One is master. The one in heaven."

"And one is King in Norway, Bishop," retorted Olaf. "One must be master and one must be king, unless the land is to become the booty of foreign kings. Always remember that."

"There should be only one King in Norway and the Islands," said Halfred. "And only one should be master in heaven. But I still feel sorry for all of those who had to leave everything," and he slowly gestured with his hand toward the mountains, then across the sky and finally down toward the sea. All knew what he meant.

Bishop Sigurd looked at him angrily. "Those teeth will still have to bite often and bite many," he commented, "before these idols and wizards have been forced to leave all of Norway."

All looked toward Olaf to see his reaction to Halfred's bold words. But his heart was light and good-natured today, the kind of mood which captivates everybody. Laughing, he showed his teeth and shouted, "Norway, homeland! Hall to him, who has given it to us to rule. We'll hold it tight with our teeth. No one shall rip it away from us for as long as we live."

"Hall King Olaf!", shouted the men. And Halfred began a poem about this hour:

"Scenting battle weather,
southward traveled the king..."

The ship glided close to the coast into the fjord and came upon a rocky cliff, which protruded far out into the water. The birds on the shore bank took to flight. A silver cloud of beating wings rose like dust into the sky. A thousand birds called out.

The pine trees, which stand one after the other up along the side of the mountain, reflected sunlight as they swayed. Light

bounced off all the branches. One heard the creeks babbling noisily down the gorges, and the light breathing of the sea.

Suddenly, they all heard the cry of a clear, sharp voice. A man stood on the rocky ledge close to the ship. Everybody looked at him. It was clear he wanted to join them, and was asking permission to do so.

King Olaf signalled the pilot to glide closer to the ledge. The men lifted their oars, and shifted them to the landward side. But before the ship had even gotten all the way there, they saw the stranger standing on the point of the prow, close to the golden dragon head. He nodded toward the king, who sat high on the aft deck. It looked like he was only swaying a bit from his jump, and still trying to catch his balance. Then he walked up among the men in the front of the ship: a farmer from the area, who probably just wanted to travel along with them a while, as long as they'd tolerate his company on the ship. He wasn't a merchant as they first thought.

He was a very sturdy man in the old-fashion dress of green farmer balze (coarse woolen cloth). Probably a man from deep in the mountains. Around his hip was a wide leather belt with a pretty copper buckle. In one of the belt loops he carried a two-sided hammer, the old farmer weapon: an nicely formed piece of handwork. But the most noticeable thing about the man was his red beard, which was so thick and long that he divided it and tucked it under his belt left and right.

He sat down on a rope coil and looked at the men, who were sitting or standing around him, one after the other...completely without shyness. Each felt a little nervous from the blue fire of his gaze. It was as if he was looking them over, and had found some fault with each.

"That was no bad jump, which you made onto the ship," acknowledged Vagr Ramnissohn from Gostaelf.

"It wasn't any greater," replied the stranger, "than the one you, Vagr, made when you made a Christian out of a friend of Thor. All of you are good jumpers in that regard."

What the man said wasn't comforting.

"Don't you know who you're traveling with, farmer? Be careful! And where did we make your acquaintance, so that you think you know something about us?"

"An old acquaintance," he answered, "back from your fathers. But forget it. Now I'd like to travel along with you for a stretch."

"Where do you want to go?"

"Abroad," the man answered sadly.

"You look capable for a military expedition."

"I have many of them behind me, but now I want to rest."

"You don't look like it," observed Bersi the Strong. According to his custom - as if it wasn't worth talking to a man before testing his strength - he reached for the stranger's hand and tried to tear him off his seat. It was a short and sharp struggle, but then Bersi was laying on the ground, and it was perfectly clear who here was the stronger. Bersi hadn't experienced that since his early youth. It hit everyone like fire and a drunkenness: each had to test out the stranger in a contest. But none could match him. The entire ship stared at the devilish fellow. His words also flew, sharp and fearless, and found their mark as unerringly as his movements. Each got his! Finally, he walked along the railing over the oars, which never stopped rowing, and he juggled not just three daggers (as King Olaf had done), but four daggers, with two in the air and one in each hand at all times. It was a fast game, as if the daggers danced over his head like flames. The entire crew stared at this farmer, who played like this. He certainly knew his way around more than just oxen.

Finally, King Olaf called to him, and he climbed up the aft deck of the ship, removed his cap and stood in front of the king. One saw that the hair on his head was also red, and how it stood like a fire above his forehead.

"If a stranger like you and farmer comes before Norway's king, he bows," instructed Thorgrim Thorsteinsson loudly. The farmer turned to him and said, "You also descend from men, Thorgrim, who weren't accustomed to bend their backs before other men - other than perhaps before the one, after whom they - like you - were named."

"You are a well-spoken and talented man," said King Olaf as he gestured for the others to be silent. "Are you from the area?"

The Red Beard looked at King Olaf a long time. Then he laughed slightly, like one who has worry in his heart. "Yes," he answered, "you could say I'm from the area."

"From which province?" asked the King.

Then the man made the same gesture that Hallfred the Skalde had made, when he had spoken of the old gods. He pointed with his hand toward the mountain, then across the sky and finally down toward the sea. In one instant, everyone knew who he was. A wind howled down

from the mountain and across the sun like a veil, and the water became to rise. But nobody was able to think about the ship, which suddenly began to dance close to the rocky cliffs. They all stared at the Red Beard, who now stood before their king great and mighty, and saw the holy hammer in his hand. A dull roll of thunder came from the sky, and they all stood like shadows in brimstone light. And then they heard the man's heavy voice.

"Yes, King Olaf," he spoke, "I'm from this province, from Helgeland and from Drontheim, from Hardanger and Stavanger, from all of Norway and from the islands, from the mountains and from the valleys, from the clouds and from the sea. And it's my work that there is such a land that gives you joy and of which you can be king. When I first came here, it was a land of ice under the feet of giants. But I slew the giants, who sat on the mountains. Trees grew and creeks flowed there. I strangled the trolls, who are the enemy of both gods and men. Flowers grew in the meadows and goats climbed the mountain paths. And people came and built huts and plowed the fields. I blessed their crops. They had bread. I blessed the sea for them. They had fish. I blessed their table. Children grew. I and my kind, King Olaf, made this land inhabitable for the children of humans. That's why they honored me, men and women. And this was my folk, for a long time."

Then Bishop Sigurd took heart and showed courage. He lifted the cross from his chest and held it toward the Red Beard. "Give way, you Idoll!" he demanded.

The man laughed again, soft and bitter. It was like a crying in the wind.

"Yes," he said, "and now another comes. My hour has passed, according to the will of the All-Ruler. It's hard for my friends. And you, Olaf, persecute and kill them, and fulfill fate. Eventually, it happens to all of us. But I expected it to be different: the wolf that devours us, the snake that strangles us. Along comes the Gentle and overcomes the Powerful. But no one escapes destiny, and no one knows in advance. The hour will come for the man on the cross, too."

"Give way, Idoll!" commanded the bishop again as he held the cross close to the Red's eyes.

Then he raised his hammer, and a bolt of lightning struck down along the mast like a golden snake. But was as if he seized it with his hand before it could do any harm. For a third time, one heard

the bitter laughter. They never forgot it until death.

And they saw how the man threw himself overboard with a mighty leap, and, holding the hammer over his head, sank into the sea and disappeared.

At that moment everything changed. A light south wind blew, filled the sails and pushed the ship in sunshine along the softly rolling waves deeper into the bay. It seemed like they had all awakened from a dream or stupor. King Olaf rubbed both hands across his face. As Bishop Sigurd cleared his throat as if to speak, the king motioned to him to be silent.

In front of them were the houses of Nidasros, ships at the shore, the mighty roof of the king's house and the new cathedral with its pointed summit and wide tower. Evening had come. The sun sank into the sea. The bells rang softly across the water. All stood like the king and bared their heads.

"We pray for all, who know how to die like men," said the King.

- Will Vesper

* * * * *

In us burns like a flame a rule
And it must be godly,
Because it is eternal and universal,
It is this:
Do your duty!
This rule contains the teachings of all
religions.

- Heinrich von Kleist



The most beautiful and powerful fortresses of the German Imperial period were created under the Hohenstaufen dynasty, especially Friedrich II. They are visible signs of the development and formation of European power. Friedrich II was one of the greatest fortress builders of the Middle Ages. He had much influence on the architectural design of his forts. His ingenious constructions, which favored the eight-sided structure, remained an example for other forts and castles even after the struggle of competing nobles eliminated the German Empire as a power factor in Europe. The "Castel del Monte" in Apulien, probably the most beautiful of his castles, with its regular ground-plan and elemental power, is an expression of the Hohenstaufen-Germanic spirit even to this day. Friedrich II created a European style even then, which fertilized all fortress construction in South, West and East, and in which the German form dominated.



This contemporary painting depicts the Battle of Kahlenberg near Vienna on September 12, 1683. This battle counts as one of those great world events, which changes the face of the earth for centuries. German troops, united with volunteers from the East, from France and from almost all European lands, won a splendid defensive victory against the countless hordes of the Great Sultan, who had here deployed the concentrated power of his Western Asiatic/Balkan empire in order to force open the gate to Central Europe. If Vienna fell into Turkish hands, then Germany and Italy would be exposed to

the attack of the Moslem crescent. For nine weeks, Vienna resisted the onslaught of the superior Turkish forces, until in early September the relief army approached and freed the defenders. Prince Eugen was at the head of his dragoons and among the first to cut their way through the Turkish masses right up to the city gates. The daring courage of this 20 year old from Savoy was rewarded with the command of a cavalry regiment, which carried this hero's name right up to the World War.



Life Tree

THE BLOOD OF BROTHERS WILL REMAIN THE VICTOR

The anniversary of Dueppel, which in this year celebrates its 80th anniversary, will always serve as a warning sign in the history of Schleswig-Holstein. If the struggles in 1848 through 1851 had not brought freedom, the time had finally come when the people of this Dukedom could never again be tied to Denmark.

But the celebration goes far beyond the borders of Schleswig-Holstein, for this test of Prussian power was an important step towards the national unification of Germany. Bismarck wanted to give the German people its due position and necessary living space. Prussian power was used. The victory at Dueppel allowed Prussian strength to be used to promote the expansion of German blood and soil. The belief in Prussia increased. A new political period in German history began with this date.

When we think of the lancers of Dueppel, we probably commemorate the victorious day which eventually led to the unification of Germany. For us the words are no longer true, which back then were proclaimed by the General Assembly in Rendsburg on May 8, 1864: "The blood of Dueppel divides us deeper from the Danes than the Belt and Koenigsau." However, we still remember, even from the Prussian side, how courageous and honorable the Danish defenders fought. Moltke wrote on April 23, 1864 to his brother Ludwig:

"The enthusiasm of this small people for what they fight for, the endurance and sacrifice with which their army asserted itself in the Dueppel position, are well recognized even by their enemies. The troops withstood the indescribable much more than ours, who had the initiative of the attack in larger numbers, which enabled them to be relieved during these difficult tasks."

Regarding the chivalry manifested in this struggle between two related peoples, Moltke wrote:

"There are probably no better people than our soldiers. As soon as the last shot is fired, the stretcher bearers carried both the Danish and our wounded into the hospital with all the gentleness of little girls. And all are treated the same in the hospitals. In these hospitals, such as the dominant and luxurious one at the Johanniterorden, Danish officers and privates lay in the same rooms as the Prussians. A war has probably never been fought with more

humanity than this one."

This day of visible strengthening on the German side had a different face for the Danes. It was a day of defeat. The struggle had been fought against a greatly superior force. Even if the position, on which one had placed too great a hope, could not be held, so did the Danes nevertheless make a good accounting for themselves, even in honorable retreat, showing both the courage and loyalty of the Danish soldiers. The battle of the brigade Scharffenberg for the Dueppeler mills put the Prussians "in difficult straights". Despite the victory and painful losses, the army could return with heads up high.

We have other contemporary witnesses of this chivalrous behavior after the battle: How the Danish soldiers were cared for by German peasants...and on the other side, how the German soldiers were cared for by Danish villagers...for weeks and even months. At that time two equal, culturally high-standing, Germanic tribes faced each other.

So it was nearly obvious that after the World War, Denmark celebrated the unification of Northern Schleswig with Denmark at Dueppel, where the king was present. Their celebration at the same time meant the bitter separation of Northern Schleswig from the German Reich. But already today, all that is overcome by the belief of a common Germanic future.

The sound of the name of Dueppel awakens in both peoples proud memories. The hateful tones, which are more noticeable on the Danish side, have not completely faded. Karl Larsen has struggled unsuccessfully to eliminate them among the Danes. Among the Germans, these feelings were replaced by the joy of victory. But the bitterness declined in the passing years. However, the thought of courageous deeds remains unforgotten on both sides. Just as the struggle between the two peoples was fought chivalrously, so was the struggle for ethnic decision also conducted in a chivalrous manner.

The day will come when we, who come from the same Germanic roots and a common homeland, return to this sight, for it speaks of chivalrous struggle, of loyalty, and of the steadfastness of Germanic men, who at that time stood opposed to one another, but for whom it would have been much more natural to stand side by side. Today, they still do not, and it must first be learned. And our enemies do everything to alienate us from one another.

As bitter as that is, many have nonetheless learned this already.

And we are secure in our firm belief that out of this period of struggle the German Reich will ripen as a late but that much more worthy fruit. Our Danish volunteers in the Waffen SS are the first fighters for this bright Germanic future on the Danish side.

The decisive is and remains the attitude: whether the attitude is good or bad, whether one wants to work on construction or on tearing down, whether one wants to see the common needs and goals.

* * * * *

The European peoples have only one choice if they want to save their existence: to see what they have in common and to stand up for it.

PRINCE EUGEN - THE NOBLE KNIGHT

Thousands of volunteers from many lands were included among the colorful assortment of allies who streamed down the Donau River in those hot August days in the year 1683 in order to stop the threatened invasion of the Moslem crescent.

Among the many volunteers of the French crown was also Prince Eugen for Savoyen, who had been born in Paris, but who had turned his back on the land of his birth after many disappointments. The Kaiser, who had fled to Passau, had given him command of a dragoon regiment at whose head he shortly proved his military prowess in splendid fashion.

At the very beginning of his existence, the prince had the good fortune of a meaningful experience: At the liberation battle at Kahlenberg near Vienna on September 12, 1683. This surprising and forceful victory, which was won with the combined strength of all the German lands, liberated the occident not only from the threat of the Turkish invasion, but also provided the possibility of a new formation of all Southeastern Europe along German lines. A gate had been ripped open through which the wind of the new period could blow away the musty atmosphere of the old life, and awaken the people, who had fallen into a slumber after the 30 Years War, filling them with new hope. The Savoyen stranger, however, who for the first time stepped upon German soil, would become the bearer of this hope and a most splendid representative of a new period of heroism in German history. Following the lead of the great Imperial military leaders, Ludwig von Baden and Karl von Lothringen, the prince participated in the campaign in Hungary which brought the Imperial forces as far as Siebenbuerger and before Belgrade. Already in the first battles, Prince Eugen proved his personal courage - in a short period he was badly wounded twice - and he showed an unusual military ability. Nonetheless, it took a long time to receive an independent command. Only after he served a few years in the Italian theatre in a subordinate position against the French, did he finally receive this desired independent command in Hungary in 1697.

The Austrians had suffered a few setbacks in the meantime and the Turks were recuperating after the first great shock. Eugen took over a poorly supplied, demoralized army and had the direct orders not to undertake any more campaigns during that year. However, as soon as

the worst problems were eliminated, he made several lightning moves back and forth which confused the Turks, and won a victory over an army of the Sultan at Zenta in 1697, even though it was twice the size. With that victory, the prince stepped into the forefront of the greatest military leaders of his time. Now the destruction of the Turkish domination in the Donau region was pushed ahead. The rumblings went far into the Balkans as the first Imperial patrols reached Bosnia and cut south of Belgrade.

However, at the height of his victories, the Savoyen had to back off the campaign and accustom himself to peace. A great European war over the question of the Spanish acquisition, which would result in a new division of power on the continent, was imminent. Certainly, the empire had gained a lot in the peace, which Eugen had made with the Turks in Carlowitz in 1699: Hungary without the Banat, Siebenbuerger and the larger part of Slovakia and Croatia.

In the next year, the European war over the crown and control of the Spanish world empire broke out. On one side stood mighty France, which wanted to conquer Spain in order to complete its domination of Europe; on the other side Austria, the Netherlands, and England, which wanted to follow its old "neutralization politics" against the rise of any dominant power on the continent.

Prince Eugen had to leave the theatre of his victories and concepts on the Donau in order to take over the defense of the Empire in the West. More and more he grew into the overall role of an Imperial military leader, who took over both the strategic and diplomatic planning. None of the natives were better able than he to understand the complicated problems of politics and to overcome the thousand-fold necessities of the highly divided political scene. One of the greatest statesmen that our people ever had was able to comprehend the overall European world on the one hand, and on the other hand to understand the smallest details and needs of the various territories, whether in the Alps or in the outlets of the German rivers in the North. It is no coincidence that this man, who was foreign born, became one of the most German of the great people in our history, and lives on in the people's memory in both song and saga.

Even though he might spend many years on the soil of Italy, Flanders, and Southern Germany fighting against the French enemy and defending the Reich from the attacks of Bourbon Imperialism, Prince Eugen never for one moment forgot the principles of his politics,

namely that the Kaiser would always be on the defensive in the west, because the future of the Reich lay in the East. As the head of the "German party" at court, he did what he could to prevent Karl VI from getting tangled up in Spanish and Italian lands instead of completing the work in the Southeast that had already begun. Between his victories over the hated French in the years 1700 thru 1709 at Hochstaedt and Turin, at Oudenarde and Malplaquet, the prince again and again rushed to Vienna in order to warn against over-ambitious plans of conquest, so that he could look over the final pacification of the Southeast and the great task in that area, which remained to be fulfilled.

After 12 years of bloody struggle, the first Spanish succession drew to a close. England, which had sufficiently weakened the Sun King, began to fear the rise of German influence and called upon the Count of Marlburg, ally and friend of Eugen, to withdraw from the European theatre. It went so far that the English army left the Savoy. In the lurch and betrayed him in the very presence of the enemy. Disgust and rage overcame the prince, who's general good mood was even recognized by his enemies, and he prophetically warned the English general that he was going to lose himself and all of Europe with such tricks.

After the conclusion of peace with France in 1714 in Rastatt and Baden, Prince Eugen, who meanwhile had been promoted to Reich Field Marshal, was again free to execute his large-scale plans in the Southeast. The Savoy surpassed all of his previous victories during the war with the Turks in 1716 thru 1718. It was a masterpiece of military and political leadership and counts among the most radiant chapters of German and European history. In aggressive attacks, the invading Turks were caught and destroyed at Peterwardain. But the masterpiece of his military genius was shown in the double battle by Belgrade in 1717, where, between a besieged fortress and a superior Turkish force, he attacked and annihilated first the advancing army, and then conquered Belgrade, which had laid in his rear.

Shortly before the peace conference in Passarowitz in 1718, the proud fruits of which were the results of his unforgettable campaign, a moving song was written in the military camp in front of Belgrade. It does a better job than a thousand speeches of praise when it comes to describing the feeling of belonging that existed between the conqueror of the Turks and his own people.

In its own immortal way, it is an expression of a close unity and simplicity of feeling: the German song of Prince Eugenius, the noble knight. It is heard ever since, and cannot be silenced, both around the city and fortress of Belgrade and everywhere under the wide sky of the southeastern plain into which the Nibelungen river goes. Its way.

The conquest of the Donau area - which was fought with the blood of all the German tribes, had created the prerequisite for the primary objective of the statesman Prince Eugen: the colonization and cultural integration of this territory. At the peace of Passarowitz, the Banat, the small Malachel and Serbia were annexed onto Austria and hence nearly the entire course of the Donau river basin was won for the Reich. In an astonishingly short period, the once desolate cities bloomed again. The once wasted land again brought forth fruit. The once clogged rivers again flowed along well-ordered river beds and the numerous swamps were drained. The bringers of Western civilization in this area, the carriers for a better order, and the creators of a new prosperity, were the German settlers, whom the prince brought in by the tens of thousands to colonize the once devastated land along the Donau. If, however, this colonization work was again and again brought to a standstill, and instead of a continuous colonization along the Donau such as the prince had planned, the colonizing Germans remained broken up into small isolated groups...that was the fault of the aimless dynastical ambition of the Habsburg's, which divided and wasted its energy at all corners of its realm.

And in the final days in the life of Prince Eugen, after his great victories in the Turkish wars, dark signs did appear. The end of the life of this special man, like the beginning, was surrounded by tragedy. However, the tragedy did not lie in his personal life, but in the gnawing concern about the fate of his work. It seemed to become clear to the prince in his final years that his primary principles and the incorrigible politics of the Habsburgs would never be reconciled, and that his work would finally fail because of this contradiction. And many things suggested that the Savoy had already suspected the beginning shadows of the decline of the so rapidly established reign of the Donau monarchy.

But the suffering and despair, which certainly must have touched this genius during his struggle for his creation, and the deep insights, which enabled him to perceive the fate of his work, were

not revealed to others. That's how he was: A harmonious man of irresistible goodwill and straightforward clarity, but still a puzzle to his contemporaries and to posterity. He did not leave behind a testament or even a single personal word, which inquisitive biographers could use to solve the puzzle of his personality.

He only showed himself in the deed. And we may modestly satisfy ourselves with the words with which the equally great spirit of his epoche, Frederick the Great, paid in tribute to the honored prince:

"...He ruled not only the Austrian territories, but also the Reich. Actually, he was the Kaiser...."



THE KING'S JUDGEMENT

King Heinrich sat, surrounded by his Imperial Judges, at the old tribunal near the market town of Rottweil. The populace formed a half-circle around them.

Several bishops were also there, because it was the first time the king would administer the court without his legal advisors.

A freeman had charged a monk with raping his daughter.

Twelve witnesses stood at the side of the free peasant. And twelve witnesses - fellow monks - stood at the side of the accused.

The king had heard bad things about the goings-on at the abbey. The king could see from the judge's bench that the populace sided with the peasant, and that only their respect for him prevented them from hurling insults at the monks.

The peasant stood holding his daughter's hand and demanded justice.

Across from him stood the monks, crying out that the girl was a harlot. A growl rose from the crowd of common people. The accused came from a prominent family. His relatives had tried everything to silence the freeman - they had threatened him with fire and sword if he didn't retract his charge. But the courageous man remained steadfast, looked the king in the face and demanded justice.

The monk, however, lowered his gaze whenever the king looked into his eyes.

The king asked the girl to come forward. When she overcame her shyness, King Heinrich looked into her eyes and knew she was telling the truth:

The monk had heard her confession, the girl said, and ordered her to go to the cemetery and say twelve prayers at her mother's gravesite. From there he forced her into a cell and forced himself upon her. She cried out and resisted, but nobody in the abbey raised a hand to help her. The next morning, the abbot had her taken to him. He suggested she remain in the abbey as a maid.

The father, however, went to the abbey with a group of armed men, and she was released.

Then the abbot approached and swore by all that is holy that the girl was lying. God would help truth prevail, and God should pass the verdict. The accused brother was ready to undergo trial by fire.

The young king indignantly remarked, "How long will people still

believe in such magic?"

Everyone who heard these words was horrified, and the bishops fearfully retreated from the king.

King Heinrich saw that he'd gone too far, so he said, "If you believe God will do a miracle, then let me see it."

The twelve monks brought iron plates, which they had ready, before the throne.

They came in pairs, each holding a single plate, with eyes towards heaven in prayer.

A monk brought a wooden fire-grate and laid it down in front of the king's throne.

They prayed for God to help truth prevail and to save their innocent brother from the claws of the devil.

The attentive populace became anxious, because King Heinrich's careless words had made them terribly nervous.

The brothers came again, and each carried a large log, praying with eyes toward heaven. And they stacked up the wood and made a large fire which blazed high.

King Heinrich, however, sat motionless on his throne and acted as if he didn't hear the unpleasant whispering of the bishops and the excited murmuring of the people.

The monks put the iron plates into the fire, and the abbot called upon Almighty God as witness that the brother was innocent and everything one said about the abbey was untrue.

He figured he'd kill two flies with one stone and hence avert the danger he feared was threatening his abbey.

King Heinrich's eyes flashed, because he saw through the abbot's plan.

The pastor prayed louder and louder and testified before God for the innocence of his abbey brother. He asked the Almighty Judge to prove in front of all present that the accuser and his daughter were liars, and that the daughter, especially, deserved to be burned at the stake, because she had falsely accused the pious brother.

King Heinrich called out: "Do you want to draw the king's judgement down on yourself, pastor? God made the king judge, and not the abbot of Rottweil!" Meanwhile, the iron plates were red hot, and two monks blew into the coals with a pair of bellows so everyone could see it was real.

Others brought a stool. They set the accused monk on it, and put his feet into a tin pan. - It was full to the brim. The abbot said

with a loud voice that it was necessary for the monk to appear before his godly Judge with clean feet.

King Heinrich noticed, however, that the fluid in the pan had a blue cast.

After they washed the monk's feet - without having dried them - he stood up and raised both hands in prayer.

The monks used long tongs to grasp the glowing plates and set them down on the wooden fire-grill, which was just one step away from the coals. They were so hot that the grill burned and smoked.

The abbot took the brother by the hand and led him to the glowing plates.

"Now testify, eternal God", he shouted, "that our brother is not guilty".

And the accused walked over the glowing plates as if they were cool stones.

The populace cried out. And the girl screamed the loudest. The freeman pulled up his daughter, who had fallen to the ground, and screamed that she was a harlot!

The monks sneared and roared that she deserved death. And the populace was silent and didn't know what it should believe.

King Heinrich shrugged without turning a hair and simply looked silently at the girl, who had thrown herself at his feet.

Then he called out with a loud voice, "Let's see if God remains by his verdict!"

"You sacrilege, King Heinrich!", cried the bishops, and the populace was horrified by the king and some women cried out. "Make the iron plates hot again!", the king ordered.

No one moved.

Then a few of the young knights, who always surrounded the king, stepped forward, seized the plates with the tongs, threw them back into the coals, put more wood onto the fire, and blew into the fire with the bellows.

The monks, however, yammered and complained that this was a sacrilege against eternal God.

Only the abbot realized what the king wanted to do, and he turned pale from fright.

"Don't you feel well, abbot?", the king asked him.

He didn't answer.

The bishops urged King Heinrich to cease his sacrilege.

"Pull up your skirt!", the king told the girl.

The young knights used the tongs to put the iron plates, which were even hotter than before, onto the wooden fire-grill. They were so hot that the wood burst into blue flame.

Two monks hurried up and wanted to lead the girl, but the king ordered with a loud voice, "Stop! That's not your task!"

He stepped down from his throne, took the girl by the hand, and said, "If it was necessary for the monk to come before his God with clean feet, then it's no less necessary for the girl to do so, too!"

He told the girl to sit down on the stool, and he personally put her feet into the tin pan.

He saw that the contents were a thick fluid and transparent like clear crystal.

But the others who looked on trembled with agitation and didn't know what they should say.

Then the king told the shaking girl to stand up, and he himself led her to the glowing iron.

And as she fearfully hesitated a moment before stepping onto the first plate, he said kindly, "I know that you are without guilt, so don't worry!"

The girl took courage and she walked across the glowing plates as if they were cool stones. And afterward her feet didn't show the slightest blister.

The populace cried out. And the monks did, too.

But they knew why!

The peasant drew his daughter onto his breast and held her so firmly that she almost suffocated.

The bishops were amazed and couldn't make heads or tails out of it. A few of the monks tried to break through the crowd. The king commanded with a loud voice, "Seize them!"

A few stout fellows grabbed the black-clan men and brought them back before the king's throne, who called upon a few knights to guard the monks. Then he ordered, "Make the irons hot again!"

Everyone was motionless with surprise, and nobody knew what the king was aiming at.

The bishops no longer said a word. The young knights made the plates hot for the third time. And Heinrich had a new pan brought with fresh water in it. Then he said with a loud voice, "Now God should tell us whether the abbot has been telling us the complete truth. And a bishop should wash his feet with holy water, so that he is pure when he goes before God's throne.

The abbot screamed with terror, refused and resisted with hand and foot. But they forced him onto the stool, and one of the bishops washed his feet with fresh holy water.

Even though he struck out with hands and feet, he was forcibly led to the glowing irons, and as his foot touched the first one, a stinking smoke arose, and the wind carried the foul smell of burning flesh through the crowd. The abbot screamed and sank to the ground.

Then the monks threw themselves at the king's feet and confessed their guilt. And the king pronounced the girl innocent.

He had the abbot and the monks driven from the abbey with whips.

The shocked populace, however, knelt and prayed.

And even though the bishops and later many others besieged him to clarify the matter, the king remained silent.

The news of the judgement, however, flew across the entire Reich, arousing terror and wonderment.

* * * * *

God manifests himself not in supernatural miracles, but in the holy order of nature.

THE ETERNAL THINGS ARE THERE, WHERE WE SERVE THEM

This short excerpt from Otto Gnehl's novel, "The Face of the Kaiser", takes us back to the year 1243 and pages through a chapter of world history filled with the bitter struggle between the German Kaisers and the temporal power ambitions of the Popes. Friederich II von Hohenstaufen, the most important Kaiser of the occident, German King and Ruler of Sicily and Jerusalem at the same time, further expanded the power of the occident to its final and greatest glory. He was the most comprehensive spirit of his epoche and carried as herold of the Reich idea the embodiment of a century. The Popes during his reign mistrusted him, but were strangely moved by his shining sovereignty. In 1239 he was excommunicated for the second time. Then it was 1243. Pope Gregor IX had passed on. Shortly before the election of the new Pope, Cardinal Flesco, the later Innocence IV, appeared before the Kaiser in Grosseto, and the following, fateful conversation took place:

The Cardinal Flesco was received by dignitaries and led into the second - wide, carpeted and colorfully painted - room, in which the Kaiser sat on his exquisite throne.

Petrus von Vinea, the justiciary, stood to the front left of him. After introductory words and greetings, the Kaiser asked why the Cardinal had come. He had heard it wasn't an official visit on behalf of the papal council. The Cardinal appeared to reflect, started to smile and said, as the Kaiser knew, the council stood before the election of a new Pope; before the elections would begin, it would be important to ascertain the position of the Kaiser to some questions. That's why he had come. Then the Cardinal reminded the Kaiser of previous negotiations, and stressed that he, as Vice Chancellor of Gregor, gladly took this difficult assignment, because he saw the salvation of the world in the unity of spiritual and worldly power. He was content to determine that His Majesty the Kaiser followed the same goal; His Majesty's well-known power of persuasion had moved him so deeply, that the papal court and the Holy Father practically viewed him as the Kaiser's advocate. It was known that his position hadn't been easy, and that - in order to serve peace - he had often sided with the Kaiser and perhaps too

heatedly defended the Kaiser's proposals. But he did this out of the conviction that His Majesty wanted the good, and didn't want to infringe upon the legitimate rights of the Holy Church. Perhaps a personal respect for His Majesty also lied behind this, by whom he had often had the honor of being guest and friend. He remembered all this now as the election of the representative of Christ was at hand. He knew what kind of influence he had with the Cardinals of the college. That's why he had come to himself ask His Majesty, how he envisioned the formation of future relations to the Papal throne. Whatever His Majesty now expressed would be held in confidence between them; he promised no man would hear anything from him about the discussions or about His Majesty's statements. For he hoped to so serve peace.

The Kaiser was silent. He let a few moments pass before he answered: He appreciated the inquiry. He treasured the Cardinal as a mediator who had always shown understanding for his standpoint and whose clear spirit he recognized. He thus answered gladly and without reservation: Removal of the excommunication is the first requirement for peace.

The Cardinal smiled and nodded: It didn't come down to these things, to conditions. One would come to an agreement on that. Perhaps it would be possible to so steer the Cardinal's choice - with God's help! - that His Majesty and the Holy Church would both be served. It was a matter of basics. One couldn't fail to see that one stood before a significant standpoint. Much would depend upon the decisions. The Church itself was endangered, and the faith much shaken.

The Kaiser appeared to prick up his eyes. His eyes looked directly at the Cardinal. He emphasized that he had signed the heretic laws of the papal court, and had often handled accordingly. He himself had first given heretic laws to the Reich.

The Cardinal's eyes lit up: These were matters of state. Deep insights and what a sovereign says in front of the people are two different things. Even God was deeper than appeared to the foolishness of people. It was known that the Kaiser's reason went farther, that he had studied the writings of the ancients. Even non-believers stood close to him. The Church, and not without reason, accused his Majesty of heretical attitudes. He wasn't here on behalf of the Church. But it was known that his Majesty's actions didn't lack evidence from which to conclude that he wasn't bound by the

Faith.

The Kaiser intently listened to the Cardinal's words in all seriousness.

When he stopped, he replied:

"My actions stem from my Imperial office. Where they are imperfect, it's because I haven't been completely successful in serving this office. However, only this office is the fundament."

The Cardinal nodded. Certainly he understood the Imperial position. But precisely this was the issue: Two forces cannot become a unity. Reason was a support for a person, but this same reason is followed by doubt. Nothing was protected against doubt. God himself give it with reason. It could even encroach on the sovereign office, which could otherwise only shake the Holy Church's pillars.

The Kaiser raised his eyes: The office lie in the heart just like other certainties. Doubt could indeed come, but it could only alter the form of the eternal things, not destroy them.

Fiesco was silent and looked into the face of the Kaiser. It was free and almost shining from the light of a thought. Carefully, slowly, Fiesco said: "Whoever once recognized the uncertainty of human matters from reason, would fall devotedly at the feet of the mercy, which the church offered him, or he would plunge into the ocean of nothingness..."

It was still for a moment. Petrus von Vinea look almost tremblingly at the Kaiser. The Cardinal stood up watchfully with small eyes.

Suddenly, the Kaiser rose. With a small gesture of his hand, he triumphantly said:

"Cardinal Sir, no man can live without faith. The eternal things are there, where we serve them. Look at this world, doesn't it have order in all things? We want to try to increase this order. That's why the Kaiser has his office. That is God's will."

A solemn silence set in. The Kaiser walked back and forth across the room, stood a few steps in front of the Cardinal, and said:

"I base myself upon myself and upon God in myself. I can't be anything other than what I am. I must obey the all-mighty command. God selected my Person to rule over the Reich. My spirit must watch and protect, to order and to found. My person is my office and the office is my person."

Again, there was silence. The Kaiser's words echoed in their hearts. Unbending strength and an unforced natural nobility rang

from their tone. They felt it like a certainty, but they didn't know it. Fiesco and Petrus stood with lowered heads and didn't dare to look up.

The Cardinal's head sank between his shoulders, which pulled together, and his back bent. Almost without meaning to he twice gasped, "But from where? But from where?"

His Majesty stood free. A light, a reflection from the sunny day outside glowed upon his red locks. His eye was penetrating, but clear.

"Why do you ask again and again? Don't you know, don't you feel it? How can you live and do your work? More to him who loses it, if faith does not arise from behind the doubt. He will pass and be nothing even before he dies."

Petrus cast a shy glimpse. Confusion reigned desperately within him. Fiesco didn't catch the monarch's look. He fell, fell the fall of the damned, endless, under him only abyss. Petrus saw him like a vanquished person, someone falling, his face pale, his mouth distorted by pain and mockery. But he seemed as if he were carried along. Suddenly, Fiesco looked up and met the justiciary's gaze. It was like an understanding, an alliance of the creature against the incomprehensible. But then it roared over them again that they were terribly alone.

"So that time will be filled, God has given me my office."

The silence arched over the three men. Time rushed over them like thunder. Fate stood before them.

The Cardinal composed himself first. As if none of this meant anything, he spoke of politics, began with the peace conditions of the Kaiser. The conversation continued, got to the point, and didn't produce anything new. The Kaiser and Petrus again set down what they demanded, how they perceived peace, what they offered. Fiesco was often confused, and frequently asked the same thing twice. An hour later, he was again on his horse. His brain seemed to boil, his heart fevered, the world around him was a mixed up dream.

The Kaiser looked at Petrus:

"What did he want?"

Petrus tried to return the Kaiser's smile:

"The test, Your Majesty. I'm afraid, he'll become the enemy of Your Majesty."

The Kaiser nodded:

"Small men can't stand the light, they decay in it."

As if wanting to excuse the Cardinal, Petrus said:

"He was trying..."

But the Kaiser interrupted:

"Why with me? Why with others? I must remain ready."

The Kaiser left.

Petrus stood alone, set himself down on a stool, put his head in his hands, and mumbled again and again, "Small men..."

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"The most valuable thing in men's lives are the still, holy hours. They are the wellspring of all healthy, strong, crystal-clear thoughts, words and deeds. From these great depths spring forth the creative, the good, the noble."

- Goethe

POMMERANIA - THE LAND ON THE SEA

The word "Pommerania" comes from the phrase "po marju," which means "on the sea". Hundreds of thousands of Germans from all of the providences of the Reich have spent peaceful summer hours on the light gold beaches of Pommerania, looking at the tumbling waves of the Baltic Sea, and drawing strength, health, and physical beauty from them. Pommerania has become the land on the sea, even if they do not know about the origin of its name. Pommerania's guests from the inland are astonished by Germany's only massive, white chalk cliffs. They look down from their rooms into the endless expansion of the sea, engulfed by the surf, but they also see the surf breaking up into the trees along the glorious birch forest of Stubnitz, which in the spring ignites millions of tiny blossoms. They also wander in deep solitude along the steep cliffs or along the wide beach bend from Usedom and Wollin with thick shrubs: they slumber surrounded by seagulls, between fishing boats on the dunes, and they are always surrounded by splendor, peace, and pleasantness. The Pommeranian summer landscape is joyous and laughingly beautiful, distinguished on the sea by Pommerania's radiant colors, white and blue: white like the bright chalk cliffs and the dunes, deep blue like the sea and the sky with the heavy white clouds on the horizon.

Pommerania is also beautiful along the lagoons with their many fish and with the flower-covered patch of land. East Pommerania is also beautiful beyond the massive dunes in the area of the Baltic inland. There are steep, stoney mountains which interchange with deep gullies, green patches, dark moors and abundant foliage and forest. Glass clear marine lakes are scattered all over, true bird paradises for the Nordic bird world of wild duck and wild swan, heron and waterhen. Mother-of-pearl butterfly and gold finch hover above aquatic flowers and swamp thorns. At night, the cry of the great seagull-owl rings out in the splendid forest, a cry that is so seldom heard. And Pommerania's forest, where once long ago bears and ancient European bison, lynx and wildcats roamed, there again today on the peninsula of Darss-Zingst, not far from Hermann Goering's country house, are the American Bison.

The last ice age created Pommerania's topography. It created the great Baltic Moraine, the Baltic Hitherland, and in Eastern Pommerania, the Round Moraine. This topography gave Pommerania the

splendor and pleasantness in which we today feel the lifeline of the border people in the border province on the sea. The diversity of the Pommeranian land always returns with emphasis on the endless expanding plain. In the sparse mixed oak forest once lived the North people who worked the soil with stone axes and plow. The colossal hun mounds come from the later stone age, the graves of peasants' relatives. At the end of the bronze age, all of Pommerania is a dramatic land. At every landmark we still, to this day, find the remains of settlements. From this time comes the oldest swastika discovery in Pommerania. From the moors of Sophienhof one recovered the splendid bronze vase with the four swirls on a flaming sun disc. The prehistory of important Germanic tribes goes back to Pommerania. Slavs filtered in, but in the 12th century German settlers returned in large masses. They built the Lower Saxon house, the four-sided courtyard, the Markish lothouse, and in Pyritz Welzacker, a true goldmine of the landscape, they built the "Vorlauben House". And in each type of architecture, the old Pommeranian peasant house appeared artistic and reassuring. Pommerania is peasant land, and as such an integral landscape of the Reich. Its fertile fields lay like dark seas under the wide sky, broken by the lines of the fields' furrows. No wonder that a contemplatively lonely, strong and stubbornly creative type developed here, persevering in all that it attempts, taciturn and closed together against strangers.

It is true of the crude Pommeranians, about whom one tells so many stories in the Reich? There must be some truth in it, for even the historian of the middle ages, Thomas Kontzow, reported about the people of Pommerania: "they are much more polite and pious if they spend some time by the Slavs, but nonetheless, they still have - both from the Slavs and from the strict heavens, under which they live - a lot of roughness in them." Also well known is the word of Frederick the Great, who said that if the world was to come to an end he would go to Pommerania, because it would take 20 years later there...But we cannot deny that statesmen from Frederick Wilhelm I to Frederick Wilhelm III took the cooperation of the Pommeranians very serious in affairs of state, in which they offered so many valuable political forces. Frederick the Great, whose father Frederick Wilhelm I was already very fond of the Pommeranians because of their exceptional reliability, found this praise to say for them: "The Pommeranians have a straightforward, naive spirit; Pommerania is the one province of all which brings forth the forces

both for war and for the other government branches; only for diplomacy do I prefer not to use them, because one often has to use deceit against deceit." And it sounded downright tender, when in 1780 he told the Pommeranian delegation asking for help: "I am very happy to help you Pommeranians, because I love Pommeranians like my brothers. One cannot love them more than I love them, because they are good people, who have always stood by my side to defend the fatherland, both on the battlefield as well as on the homefront. They have stood by me with their possessions and their blood. I cannot be a human being or have a human heart if I were not to show them my thankfulness now." The Pommeranians suffered very heavy casualties in the Silesian wars. Sixty Pommeranian army commanders fought and bled for their king, and the simple soldier did wonders. The courageous Pommeranian, and above all the Pommeranian grenadier, was proverbial. The ancient General Field Marshal von Schwerin stood with the flag in his hand before Prague with his regiment, leading it with the élan of a youngster until he fell. When General von Winterfelt fell, Frederick the Great lost "the most magnificent figure in the Prussian army."

The military and strategic talent, yes, the geniuses from Pommerania are numerous: General Field Marshal von Wrangel, Albrecht Graf von Roon, General Georg von der Marwitz and General Beseler were Pommeranians. Christian von Kleist, who found a hero's death at Kunersdorf was a soldier and poet. Many great administrators and organizers came from Pommerania; among them the General Postmaster Stephan, who is known even today. A particular and exceptional figure was Ernst Moritz Arndt, one of the great leaders of the popular uprising in the wars of liberation: poet, researcher and politician. One honors the forerunner of modern flight in Anklamer Lillenthaler. The great doctors Virchow, Billroth and Schleich created the cornerstones of modern medicine. The face of the Pommeranian landscape, felt with Northern German rigour, are reflected in the warmth of its contemplative people, and are mirrored in the art of those great painters of the German Romantic Period, Philipp Otto Runge and Caspar David Friedrich, who were both Pommeranians.

The border territory on the ocean was from the very beginning the theatre of many battles. During the Middle Ages, the Thirty Years War devastated it to the point of non-recognition and tore apart its political unity. However, the Pommeranians completely rebuilt. The

Middle Ages were also a great period for Pommeranian architecture, to which we owe the massive, Gothic cathedrals in Stettin, Stargard, Stralsund, Greifswald and Kolberg. Even many completely unknown little towns have ancient gates and wall remains. These four-sided, heavy stone buildings consist of a round shaft rising up from a lower structure, reflecting the valiant Pommeranian. Only in the course of centuries did Pommerania again achieve unity, after having been dismembered by the Westphalia Treaty. Part of Pommerania along with Rugen were not reunified until the Vienna Congress of 1813. Many later developments are explained by that period. The World War, which made it a front territory across from Poland, again limited or retarded its progress. But precisely in the difficult years of disorganization and hopelessness, the Pommeranian stubbornly and unflinchingly did his duty. The new period with its powerful impulses found the Pommeranians, those stubborn, impatient people of enduring strength, prepared in their spirit. Their dislike for false glimmer and their strength and belief easily struck roots in these great times: they were happy to be allowed to work and achieve. And on all of the battlefields of all times, the Pommeranian soldier has been the honor of a soldierly people.



One thing is important today:
The Fatherland.
And the flame of sacrifice
throws each man to his own.

- Hoelderlin.